

Leskernick Day 1997

Henry Broughton

SUNDAY

Up early and into work but my mind isn't on the job. Instead my head is full of what I had forgotten to pack last night (I must find my waterproof trousers etc.). The time goes quickly and I soon find myself back at home frantically getting all my gear together. I feel short tempered and nervous. I'm not sure why - is it the prospect of three weeks away from home, money worries or the thought of being classified as an 'irresponsible Shrine hunter' again. Perhaps it is all and more. After awkward goodbyes I'm waiting for my train at Paddington Station - the beginning place to my annual pilgrimage to Leskernick Hill.

I'm tired when I get on the train and soon fall asleep. I wake up as the train trundles along the craggy Cornish coastline. I am picked up at Bodmin Parkway by Chris and Crystal. Chris has a new car - a typically understated Ford Fiesta coloured a neutral blue. It was really nice to see them both. Everything began to feel very familiar. As we drive towards Camelford I hear tales of pouring rain and of people getting absolutely soaked, alarm bells ring inside me as I remember that I had forgotten to have a look for my waterproof trousers on my return from work. The weather forecast has not been too good, Crystal informs me. She later complains of the lack of either a Waitrose Supermarket or a Marks and Spencer's in Bodmin. I also find out that I'm sharing a caravan with her. This pleases me as I had been worried that I would be sharing with people I had not met before.

We arrive at the Campsite to find Barbara, Wayne and Penny already drinking, eating and conversing. I dump my bag in our caravan and go to see them. I feel warmly welcomed and very at ease with these other Leskernick people. Wayne is much the same as I had remembered him, robust in conversation rude in humour and charming. Barbara looks tanned and healthy and Penny offers me a whisky which I duly take. We talk and feed ourselves as Wayne begins to give me a quick run down of the new intake of Leskernites. A student who wears military attire is talked about at some length - the dying of his combat trousers to purple is given much analysis. Barbara notices that my hair is significantly shorter than it was the last time I had seen her. She says it looks nice and asks, "did you do it all by yourself." "No I paid for it actually" I reply. A year or two ago I may have been able to say that someone had done for me as a favour but now things have changed... I go to a barber's shop to have it cut. I didn't realise it looked so amateur.

The rest of the evening was spent in the bar and it struck me how male dominated this little gathering was. All the students bar one is male and I also note the absence of any students from the Anthropology Department. Perhaps some will

turn up later on, I hope so as there were a few hints of that particular narrow mindedness so unique to Archaeologists this evening. I get back to the caravan to find someone called 'Eric' half undressed in our mobile home living room area. Apparently he is only with us for one night until a space is vacated for him in another 'van. I drank a bit too much beer and between my regular visits to the toilet and Eric's rustling of plastic bags I worry about how little sleep Crystal must be getting.

MONDAY

I didn't sleep well at all last night. I think it was the sudden move away from home. Having worked right up until yesterday I suppose I hadn't had much time to prepare myself. Also Eric seemed to have a restless night as well and as these caravans are little more than card board cut out imitation's of 'houses' any movement no matter how small is reverberated around the structure. There is some privacy in terms of sight but certainly not in sound (nor smell).

After breakfast, kindly supplied by Crystal, I went to Barbara and Wayne's Caravan to show Barbara my draft of questions to give to visitors. My interest was on how people get interested in sites like Leskernick and what such a place means to them. It must be quite threatening to see a hill one frequently visits free from people one day and then crowded with 'experts' the next. Perhaps we could learn things from some of these visitors. As Barbara read the questions I had a feeling that I was being 'marked'.

'Yes that's good. But there are other questions you could ask such as...'

It seems I got a 2:1!. Room for improvement. I began to get really focused if there was room for improvement I intended to fill it. It was nice to be amongst academics again. I showed Chris the same set of questions and got much the same response except he began to dictate lists of other questions to me faster than I could write. I liked some of what he suggested but I wanted the questionnaire to give the Visitor as much freedom of expression as possible. I saw questionnaires very much as a substitute for longer more intimate interviews as opposed to simply a 'method' of collecting 'data'.

We drove to Westmoorgate in Wayne's car - a nice, clean bergundy coloured Renault Laguna that I remembered from last year. We listened to chamber music as we wound our way through the country lanes talking a mixture of gossip and anthropology.

The walk upto the hill was quite strange in that it hardly seemed like a week had passed let alone a year since I had last walked along this stretch of moor with Matt and Ceira. The walk along this familiar stretch of moor kindled memories

of the cardboard cut out stones, the arguments and laughter of last year.

Once we are on Bodmin moor there is something that ties and bounds us all together - our 'conscious collective' that is our desire to interpret the remains of an ancient community, the enjoyment in bringing life back to the stones. While we walked towards Leskernick I began to understand the irritation and disappointment felt by Barbara and Chris last year at the failure of some of the students to grasp this. Our survey team is small and we all share the same (relative) understanding of what we are doing. There is a shared passion between us that I feel goes beyond academic interest. This is the quality that we bring to this project, we are free with our ideas, people think aloud, disagree or agree. But our ideas are not mere flights of fancy. They are based on the structure of the stones, where the walls and huts take us and importantly on what we know from anthropology. Most significantly, perhaps, that humans think and do things in many different ways but what we always do is give meaning to the world and through that process create worlds. Such an approach is largely based around reading and thinking about Anthropology and it seems a pity that we are few in number. Both Mike and Tony are anthropologists but they will be so busy doing ethnography their contribution to the actual surveying must end up being quite limited.

The early part of today was spent visiting the trenches. I get a surprise by the friendliness of Mike. He seemed so aloof and disinterested in anybody or anything bar his trench last year. I then went onto the Cairn excavation where it was nice to hear Helen and Gary sing as they disected the cairn. I could not remember this cairn from last year and all I could see now was a large mass of deturfed stone. Helen gave me a quick resume of her ideas about how the structure was built and talked of the problems of working out what's 'cultural' and what is 'natural'.

I then went to join Barbara and Crystal as they surveyed the wall below the Western compound. Barbara handed the planning board to me and Crystal notated thus freeing Barbara to pace on ahead. We moved quickly and seemed to agree about things alot more then last year. I sensed a real effort from Barbara to be accommodating to other peoples opinions as to what needed to be notated and looked at more closely. Was this partly a result of accusations I made in my diary of last year? Perhaps we have, after two successive seasons at Leskernick, begun to focus in much more. It is nice to think that it is the walls and enclosures themselves coupled with our ever growing familiarity with Leskernick that is bringing us closer together.

Lunch was had in hut 28. I felt happy and at ease as I munched on my roll and choclate bar. The morning had gone

really well. I spoke to Chris briefly who mentioned that 'doing huts' with Wayne was getting a bit tedious as he felt redundant while Wayne drew his plans and elevations. At lunch Sue busily planned her excavation team organising which trench each of the students should go to. As Eric was 'tuning' into his newly acquired trench there appeared to be a surplus of people. Dan, the wearer of military surplus coloured purple, offered to join us on our exploration of the walls and enclosures. Crystal spent the afternoon fulfilling her role as 'official' photographer. Barbara began to be more conservative in her analysis of what we were encountering. Why had she had tapered some of her enthusiasm of the morning? Was it the presence of an Institute Undergraduate that caused this change? Was there a fear that Dan would find our subjective, interpretive approach amateur? We were trailing the walls a little faster in his presence giving ourselves less time to think about changes in the character of the walls. We approached an area of clutter and began to see if we could trace any distinct placements of stones marking out the wall. Barbara thought it went one way and I the other - our first disagreement of Leskernick 1997. I looked again. She was right in thinking the wall went the way she thought it did. The only problem was that the wall seemed to go the other way as well. It occurred to me that the wall split into two as it met the clutter, encircled an earthfast boulder and then joined again. **An encircled boulder.**

I got quite excited by this. It didn't look like the encircled grounder that Dave Hooley had showed us a year ago on Craddoc Moor but the principle was just the same - and this time in the middle of an area of clutter. Barbara just wouldn't be persuaded by my enthusiasm. She did say, however, that she could see why I "Wanted" a wall to be there.

At this point we communally decided it was time for tea. I asked Dan what his impressions were of our surveying technique. He didn't say much but that he thought it was useful for us to have an "Archaeologist" with us. Considering that Barbara is a trained Archaeologist and had done her Phd at the Institute she took this remark very well by quietly mentioning, as if in passing, "I am a trained archaeologist you know".

Barbara left for the campsite to mark some exam papers and after tea I was left with little else to do but 'wonder around' the hill. I went up to the coite and sat smoking, simply enjoying the feeling of being where I was. I felt relaxed and happy and went over to the Cairn excavation where Helen was showing Chris some of her plans of the trench. I sat slightly outside of their circle feeling a bit intrusive - was I being a 'hanger on'. Was my presence irritating Chris. It is hard to tell as he very rarely displays any ill feeling. But after reading his diary I am aware of how sensitive he is to his own time and space. It seems that the diaries of last are going to have quite a profound affect on the groups behaviour.

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We had little food in the caravan but enough to cook a simple pasta dish. Chris joined us accompanied with the customary Wine box and the eating, drinking and chatting flowed into the early hours. Crystal was surprisingly sceptical about the project this evening. Both Chris and myself tried to persuade her that the project is actually worthwhile. I think we got somewhere but I feel she is not wholly convinced by what we were saying.

TUESDAY

Drove to the moor in Chris's car with Wayne and Crystal - who said she felt dizzy and would never drink so much wine again. I felt quite sprightly considering the amount we had drunk and the time I got to bed. We decided to park in Bowithic which means walking what is termed the 'scenic' route to Leskernick. It is the longer and more hilly walk to Leskernick. There is also a stream and a few gause bushes, the occasional tree. For some people these factors make it more 'scenic'-a nicer walk. As I struggled up a particularly steep slope an essay by Roland Barthes' came to mind. I think I was referring to the one about the 'Blue Guide' and the 'Alpine myth' (I have since looked this up).

" The picturesque is found anytime the ground is uneven. We find again here this bourgeois promoting of the mountains, this old Alpine myth..... "

(Barthes 1957 pp74)

In fact I do not like this approach to Leskernick at all. It is not because it is more strenuous. It has more to do with the fact that you do not see the settlement as you approach the hill. It is like going through the 'back door'. I just feel it is not the way to see Leskernick hill. You are on top of the 'whale back' before you realize it. When one approaches the hill from Westmoorgate Leskernick slowly reveals itself. As you climb out of the gully a profile of the hill comes into view. You see its gentle 'whale back' shape and as you get closer the sprawling mass of grey stones gradually move into shapes, hut circles, field enclosures and then brightly coloured archaeologists become distinct. All this is hidden from one if you take the 'scenic' route.

As we descended towards the tent by hut 28 I passed by Mike's trench. He was again very amiable and chatted to me about his findings. He even began to offer some interpretations. He seems to be agreeing with Chris's belief that what he has been digging is not a hut but some kind of open air structure. The imposing back stone and the lack of post holes leading him in this moment of, for Mike, brave

~~post~~ holes leading him in this moment of, for Mike, brave journey into interpretation.

We go to the tent. Drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. I'm impatient to get on with surveying.

Tony, who had walked with us, talks of the scenic route as being more 'satisfying' he says that the Westmoorgate route is boring as "there is fuck all to look at". This annoys me.

Just as people started to pack away their coffee filled Thermos flasks and finish their cigarettes the rain began and we thus retreated back into the shelter of Wayne's tent. Most of the day was duly spent here. We joked and chatted and listened to Wayne talk as the rain persisted to pour down. Tony arrived and handed out plans of the hill on which we were asked to plot our movements for a day. He made a point of stressing to us to mark where we 'went to the toilet' and from then on these maps became known as 'Tony's piss maps'. I was not entirely convinced of the significance of people's preferred defecation location. Tony said something about gender and as I could see he was getting a little irritated by our piss taking I decided not to question him further. Tony has a very direct way of doing anthropology - he knows what he wants and intends to get it regardless of whether he causes offence. Although I appreciate his assertive and unequivocal method I cannot help but feel a mild sense of irritation when he approaches. I think that this is unfair on Tony. Perhaps it is just my reaction to being 'studied'.

We got very little done today due to the rain and left early to go to Bodmin and stock up with supplies. On the way to the car I chatted to Tony who has some concerns that he is being pulled and pushed into too many conflicting directions by Chris, Barbara and Sue. I tell Tony not to worry and to follow his own intuition. It hardly needed to be said as he clearly knows what he intends on doing.

Spent a needlessly long time in Bodmin following Chris and Crystal around as they dreamily looked for somewhere to get a film developed. And then on to Safeway where we went in search for fish (Chris being the proud owner of Rick Steins cook book). There was very little fish on offer so Chris opted for chicken, mentioning that he had also brought with him a particularly good Sri Lankan cook book.

He cooked the chicken in our caravan choosing to avoid Sue. Spending any time in their caravan (apart from sleeping) appears to be problematic for Chris. It looks as though Chris may be a regular visitor in the evenings. The meal was excellent and I went to bed early.

WEDNESDAY

I woke up later than the previous morning and thus had no

time for a shower. I really needed to 'defecate' but I feel very embarrassed about doing this in the caravan toilet. The walls are paper thin thus providing little privacy. The toilet is also right next to the kitchen where Crystal was preparing her breakfast. I decided to go to the toilet block instead. Perhaps Tony should know about this ?

Travelled to Westmoorgate in Waynes car. He enjoys playing music very loudly and, being sat in the back seat, I am unable to join in the conversation with Mike Willmore and Wayne. The weather looked gruesome as we drove towards the moor. Rough tor was covered in thick fog. A light but persistent drizzle fell.

As we began to walk to Leskernick we were shrouded in mist. It did not take long before I realised I had no idea where we were. I was simply following everyone else. Everyone was following everyone else. No one knew where we were or in which direction to go. We stood around trying to locate ourselves in the invisible landscape. Everyone seemed to think we should go in different directions. It was very damp, my feet were sodden and I began to feel cold. Eventually we came to some agreement and we gradually found our bearings. If I had been on my own I think I would have got completely lost. A useful reminder, perhaps, to have respect for the moor and its changing moods.

Walking towards hut 28 and the shelter of the tent we bumped into Tony who informed us that the tent had been blown over in the night. Wayne decided we should try an experiment with Barbara. None of the men were to make any effort in re-erecting the tent thus leaving the initiative to Barbara who had so far been commenting a great deal on the Gendered division of various activities. For example; when we originally erected the tent she had made a comment along the lines of "just look at all these men taking control". We would be giving her the opportunity to reverse this. Quite mischievous really.

The outcome of this experiment was less than surprising. Once she got wind of our conspiracy she half heartedly joked:

"I would be hopeless. The tent would never go up if you left it to me".

This was a bit of a cop out and not true anyway as a week or so later was she put up the tent perfectly well.

Tony said after this episode (that had resulted in a small moment of uneasiness , Barbara muttering to herself with a roll up hanging from her lips, me feeling a little guilty and Wayne viciously giggling) that he would like to interview me. The mist had cleared and I was looking forward to returning to the walls and enclosures. I suggested that we could talk at lunch but Chris interjected saying I should do it now. I

do it now. I admit I was being a bit uncooperative with Tony. I suppose I was annoyed with his timing. We had missed most of the morning due to the bad weather and I really wanted to get on. I didn't feel that being interviewed should be so interfering. Anyway, we ended up having a really good chat and through this I began to understand more of where Tony was coming from.

After the interview I made my way to the enclosure around huts 46 to 48 (now termed E3) where I was promptly handed the planning board. Barbara, having rigorously 'checked' my notation the previous evening had decided to give me this responsibility. I was no longer the 'irresponsible shrine hunter'. The plan of Leskernick that we were using had somehow lost its scale in the process of enlargement during photocopying and it is thus very difficult to locate particular features or mark where a certain upright is along a wall. Only Large 'grounders' can be found clearly and through identifying these I was able to locate myself. However this process was not only quite tricky but also time consuming. Chris suggested that we try to fathom the scale of the map and so be able to work out exactly where we were.

The tape measure was fetched and we began to measure some distances. The scale kept being around 5 metres out. This did not make sense to either myself or Chris and we sat down to work it all out. Barbara seemed to think that this process was all a bit unnecessary but from my point of view it made a lot of sense to be more exact.

It would also mean that we could do things more quickly. I was beginning to get frustrated keeping up with Chris and Barbara as they dictated what should be marked on the map. They tended to go too quickly now that they were both free from the anchor of the planning board.

'Have you got this grounder in? Don't miss planning this cleared space over here.....'

At one point I was accused of putting one feature in the wrong place. I had not even got around to the 'grounder' in question. I put the planning board down and stopped Barbara and Chris to remind them that planning was difficult, that I could only mark one thing down at a time and the need for both of them to slow down so that both mine and Crystal's notations made sense. They apologised and we started again at a more sensible pace.

At lunch we joked with Tony about his 'piss maps'. He got a bit sensitive and told Wayne to 'Fuck off'. I sat with Chris and we tried to resolve the problem of scale. Thinking we had sorted it out we returned to the enclosures certain that things were going to run smoothly from here on. We were much mistaken. We measured distances from one wall to the next and kept coming up with very arbitrary results. Sometimes it looked spot on but at other times the measurement did not

make any sense. We sat down checking to see whether we had made some mistake but we could not work it out. As we battled with the map, scale and tape measure (was it due to distortion during copying?) Barbara stated that Chris and I were being totally 'Male' in our desire to find the right scale. I thought this was a bit daft as all I wanted was to know where to put certain features on a map without our present degree of uncertainty. I think it had little to do with me being a man.

Unfortunately we could not find the scale of the map and so continued without measurement. In fact the afternoon went extremely well. The weather had improved and we found some very interesting features. Near hut 47 we stumbled across a large cairn and more areas of clutter that had been moved or altered. We also began to mark out the walls with flag posts which had a huge impact in terms of conceptualising the space we were surveying. When we finished for the day we stopped off at Mike's trench where he had found a rubbed stone. We left the moor in high spirits after a largely successful day.

I got back to the caravan damp and tired (it had begun to pour with rain as we left the moor). I had a long warming shower and a shave. Feeling refreshed and relaxed I began to cook some food for myself, Crystal and Chris. I had the caravan to myself. This was the first time since I had arrived to spend some time on my own. Cooking a familiar meal that I often cook at home made me feel melancholic. I have become used to cooking with my daughter Amelia sat on her high chair stirring the pot. It was very quiet. I missed not having a record playing in the background.

Once Crystal had returned to the caravan I cheered up and we watched the news. Chris soon arrived with his box of wine and we enjoyed a fun, relaxed evening.

Thursday

Was driven to the site in Wayne's car again this morning but I managed to get the front seat where the music is not so loud. Peter Herring was due on Leskernick today so Barbara had rushed on ahead to meet him. I noticed that she was wearing smarter trousers today - more on the plain side of things as opposed to her usual tie die ones. The weather was overcast and it had rained last night. I enjoyed chatting with Wayne as we made our unhurried way to Leskernick.

We leave the campsite something like an hour after those involved with the excavations. And today was not unusual in that it was some time before we actually started to do some work, preferring to sit by the tent, drink coffee and enjoy the view before doing anything else. I like our relaxed approach to our work. It allows for plenty of time to 'tune' into each other and also the landscape. Our Surveying lacks

alot of the set structures and procedures of excavating and yet those of us involved in the survey are gaining a quite amazing knowledge of the hill. We also have a humour about our work, a healthy sense of perspective. And finally it really seems as though we have achieved a way of doing things that is almost non hierachical. Things are going well.

Barbara arrived with Peter Herring and we went to compound 2 to show him how we had been surveying and what we thought was significant and/or interesting about this area. Barbara was being more tentative then she was yesterday. It occurred to me that the presence of Peter was causing her to be much more reserved. She has this fear of authority figures that I had not noticed before. We went to some of the huts that appear to have at some point been turned into cairns. Now yesterday we seemed to all agree on this interpretation but once Peter cast some doubt upon this idea Barbara was quick to agree with his scepticism. I must admit I missed the presence of Chris (who was in Bodmin) . I think he would have been more assertive with regards to the feelings we had about this structure yesterday. Peter is much more keen on the idea that these features are the result of transhumance. It is certainly true that we have not really thought about transhumance much. I did not feel confident enough to support our ideas about huts being used as cairns and was really only doing the same as Barbara. Peter was perhaps right in striking a note of caution. We have been looking at nearly all the features on this hill in terms of them being 'Bronze Age'. Perhaps we should be a bit more careful. Peter knows this landscape better then any of us and we should listen to him but at the same time listen to him carefully - appreciate him yes. But we should not be afraid to disagree with him.

We went to the 'central clutter area' (only Barbara and Chris will know where I mean!) with Peter. This area has been deemed as centrally important to compound 2. It is here that you will find the 'Stone Graveyard', a quite magnificent 'cairn like' structure and also a 'ringed boulder' (all carefully marked on the plan). We had spent quite some time here yesterday. In fact it was here that we hit the high point of the day - all enthusiastically agreeing with each other about the significance of this particular locale.

Peter seemed very sceptical but at the same time remaining perfectly polite he was clearly making an effort not to sound dismissive. I think he found it all a bit much though - especially the ease with which we could turn an area of apparently natural clutter into something cultural, something of significance.

I was again surprised to find Barbara easily back down to Peter. At one point she said she was also unsure about a certain feature that she had had no problems with yesterday. This was confusing. Either she was agreeing with Peter and had thus not been assertive in her disbelief yesterday or she was changing her mind due to Peter's status. What would her

reaction have been to Peter's scepticism if Chris had been there. Things were getting complicated again.

I wasn't saying much myself. Afraid that if I tried to defend our belief that the clutter had been shifted and moved around I might come across as amateur....too much youthful enthusiasm.

Chris arrived with Crystal with some photo's. He is much more relaxed with people like Peter and was much more bold in his defence of the Clitter phenomenon. We took Peter to another area of 'shifted' clutter. He was a bit more amenable to this example but not wholly convinced reminding us of the need to always be careful.

"I can see why you think this stone has been placed but the sceptics wouldn't".

Helen and Gary came over to chat with me over lunch this was nice as I hadn't really seen much of them so far. Helen appears to have changed quite alot since last year. She says that she has had a difficult year with her research and when I ask her about it she tells me that she does not want to talk about it. Instead I tell her about my year and the job I have with a group of men with learning difficulties. Gary tells me that he had once done the same thing and we have enjoyable time discussing the more amusing aspects of my job.

As we chat Crystal's photographs are passed around. I keep hearing her talk them down as if they are a total failure but everyone else remarks on how well they have come out. There is a particularly good group photograph of everyone in Hut 28. Mike had been very reluctant to pose for this photo but had been persuaded to by the ever diplomatic Sue. I was quite struck by the extreme facial expression that he pulled. It was as though he really wanted everyone to know how bitterly annoyed he is about the whole project. I suppose that there is something predictable about this. He seems to find it necessary to place himself apart from everyone else by constructing this image of a volatile, angry and somehow 'hard done by' person. It really is quite amazing especially when one considers how much people are trying to make him feel more comfortable. His behaviour does not bode well as far as the next two weeks are concerned.

After lunch we began to survey the area above compound two with Pete Herring. I planned and Crystal notated as is now the norm. As we progressed Barbara began to get bossy with me (she never bosses Chris around). We had a disagreement about the numbering of some walls. I could tell that she was getting impatient with me and my temper began to rise as she insisited on going too fast, failing to take into account what I had said to her the other day. I think that the presence of Peter was making Barbara anxious. At one point he asked us to define our use of the term 'Grounder'. There was

an uncomfortable silence for a few seconds before we all gave our own versions of what a 'Grounder' is according to the Leskernick logic - basically a large earthfast boulder. Apparently, according to Peter, used correctly 'Grounder' is a term used for something very different (I can't remember what).

Here was Barbara trying so hard to make sure that we gave the right impression. That we were professional and knew what we were doing and Peter was, very gently, criticizing our use of basic archaeological terminology. Chris was unabashed about all of this. Whereas as Barbara tends to hold Peter in quite a high regard Chris takes him much more at face value and is much less worried about what Peter thinks. I think that this all comes down to a question of confidence. Barbara's concern that we 'give the right impression' is understandable. We want people like Peter to be involved with the project and obviously do not want people thinking that we are somehow amateur. But I think that over the past two years we have built up enough knowledge about the place to prove to anyone that our methods, however out of the ordinary, are effective. So what if we use terminology differently. Our use of 'Grounder' is logical and makes perfect sense.

Chris on the other hand is so confident that he can often come across as being a bit facetious. I worry sometimes that he wants everything on the hill to be Bronze Age and highly significant so much that he could be dismissing Peter's feeling that there are a lot of 'transhmanance' remains on the hill all too quickly.

This afternoon Crystal and I were in the middle of all this - very much the students. The recorders of knowledge rather than the producers.

Tony arrived (who has now acquired the nick-name 'snoopy') to take Barbara off to be interviewed and after completing the enclosure we retired to Hut 28 for a cup of tea. I spoke to Peter about the work I am doing with people who visit the site. He was very enthusiastic and spoke about the pride locals have in their past. He mentioned how 'Cornish knowledge' is often listened to more than 'outsider knowledge'. Peter was pleased that we wanted to make an effort in making the project open to visitors and in taking on board some of the local knowledge of Leskernick. But I couldn't help thinking that he was also subtly reminding me that we are seen very much as outsiders and, perhaps, with a certain degree of scepticism by the local archaeological community. One wonders what sort of discourse goes on about our project between all the local 'keepers' of archaeological knowledge. He mentioned Tony Blackman a number of times. I know that last year he felt a bit put out by our lack of enthusiasm every time he came to the hill. I agree with Peter that it is important that such people are made to feel welcome to the hill when we are there but it can be problematic.

On the way back we stopped off at Helen's trench where she tried desperately to get some solid answers from Peter but he was less than forthcoming.

Barbara and Chris left for London to appoint a new lecturer. I had a quiet supper with Crystal who looked tired and was moaning about the 'musty smell' in our caravan (probably my socks). I visited Helen and Gary's caravan to find them watching 'Father Ted'. It felt quite strange sat around watching a tv sit com. When I am down here I tend to escape from normal life. I pay little attention to current affairs and rarely read the paper (something I do every day at home). The conservative leadership seems a world away. As for TV sitcoms I tend to avoid them wherever I am.

I kept hinting that a trip to the Bar would be a good idea. Once Father Ted had finished we went to the bar where we were joined by some of the students who were very chatty. Helen left very abruptly. Had someone upset her?

FRIDAY

As Barbara and Chris were in London it was decided that today would be a day off. I had an enjoyable lie in. Crystal made me a coffee and I lay in bed catching up on my diary. The weather was awful and I began to wonder what I was going to do today.

Penny came in to say that she was keen to visit Tony Blackman's re-creation of a Bronze Age hut. She is leaving soon and although Peter had asked us not to descend on mass on Blackman and his hut it would have been a shame for Penny not to see this thing. I was eager to see what his vision of Bronze Age life was and as I had taken time to show him around Leskernick I thought it would be fair enough to pay him a visit. We stopped off in Bodmin and visited the museum where we saw Bronze Age Axes, Pot Shards and flints - all the things that I have been expecting the excavation to produce after three years of digging. They had a nice model of the Rough Tor settlement complete with (male) hunting groups and the bronze Age equivalent of a womens group (sitting around weaving).

After a pub lunch we navigated our way through the winding hedge bound lanes to the part of the moor where Tony B. has his hut. After walking about a mile in the pouring rain we spotted what looked like the peak of an Indian tepee. As we got nearer it struck me what a substantial structure Tony had made - quite unlike how I had imagined the huts would have looked like. We found him inside chopping some wood. The embers of a fire glowed in the centre. It took him a while to recognise me and for a moment I worried that he was not too pleased to see us. But he soon warmed to our presence. Ever the school teacher he had us sat down on the circular bench. Tony crouched in the middle and began to go through, in some detail, the history of his project. Inside the hut were

various looms, Bronze Age costumes and other bits and peices - remains of half finished activities. He spoke of how he gets groups of children to do everything for themselves. They have even begun to build their own hut a few metres away.

I was very impressed by all of this. The tremendous effort and enthusiasm that he puts into to passing on his love of history to younger people is great. I bet the kids love coming down here. Mind you Tony never lets go of his authority and he gets a bit touchy when one questions some of his reasoning. I would love to know what his nick name is. He must surely have one.

We left the hut and walked to the remains of a real Bronze age hut some twenty metres away from which Tony had taken his inspiration. Knowing that Tony had been a little sceptical about our work on door orientation on Leskernick I pointed out that the door faced towards a tor. He said that he had noticed this as well and jokingly said that he was 'a bit annoyed' when he realized it. His re-creation also points towards this tor (Jacobs Ladder). As we talked he grew in his enthusiasm. We retired to the farm house where he brought out his photo album and showed us some pictures he had taken of our project last year. One of them was of a block of elvin stone. Written underneath in brackets was "In danger of being misinterpreted".

As we talked he spoke more and more about his 'Cornishness'. I think that as he is from here he feels he has a special claim to knowledge over the place. His Cornish identity giving him a continuity with the past that we can never have. The inhabitants of our Leskernick huts being his ancestors.

We talk of Peter Herring for whom he is full of praise and adoration:

" You see he is Cornish. He sees things through Cornish eyes"

David Hooley (English Heritage and not Cornish) was spoken about with less enthusiasm. It is, apparently, going to take him a very long time to 'learn to see' Cornishly. I found all this quite amazing. Here was a mini 'Imagined Community' bounded together by a 'unique' ancestary and passion for the prehistoric.

The conversation turned back to Leskernick. Tony said that now there had been excavation on the hill it had been somehow "vandalised" and the place had been "transformed.... almost destroyed". It was thus essential that we pass on the knowledge that we gain from this destructive process to the people that matter - the Cornish and more specifically, those who live in the villages on the edge of Bodmin Moor.

I was cold and wet through. This conversation had worn me out and I was keen to get back to the caravan site and phone home. Tony gave us a lift back to the car in his Land Rover stopping off at a cairn on the way. It occurred to me how he

had neglected to recreate any ritual/non domestic aspects of Bronze Age life. I mentioned this to him and he said he would like to but that you 'have to be very careful with these things'. I am not sure what he meant. Was it that you had to be careful to get it historically correct or is it that people might think him a bit weird getting kids to build burial cairns?

I phoned home when we got home to find Amelia had gone to sleep. Spoke to Vic who was tired but said everything was fine. Had supper with Wayne who had some photo's from last year. It was quite nostalgic looking at these. We all look so sun burned. The weather has been really shit so far. I hope it gets better. Later went to the bar and met Two geologists who are going to do some work on the aging of rocks on Leskernick. I spoke to Sue for a while who joked about Chris's awkwardness in thier caravan. Apparently he has shoved all his stuff in his room and is yet to cook there. I'm not sure what all this is about but I know Sue to be quite a penickity person. I think her obsessive orderliness would probably drive me round the bend.

SATURDAY

After a quick phone call home I left for Leskernick with Wayne. We took our time getting there stopping off in Camelford where both Wayne and Crystal seemed to take ages to buy the most simple of provisions. Ambled up to the hill chatting to Wayne about the problems of organising and financing post- graduate research. After a week down here I am thinking more about doing a Phd as opposed to an M.A but I feel a little unsure about it. Wayne intends to carry on working full time while studying megaliths. But I wonder how he'll manage to find the time to do it all and be a manager of a country retreat at the same time. After continuing our conversation in Hut 28 I began to survey some of the Compound 2 with Crystal. While doing so I noticed someone walking towards us from the Coda Tor side of the valley.

It is allways quite strange when someone from (our) outside comes to the hill. Dressed in a green 'country style' coat, stout walking boots and accompanied by a golden retriever he approached me confidently saying he was from Bowithic and had noticed 'something going on'. I thought that he might be one of the mysterious commoners who control access to this land . After brief introductions I offered to show him around and tell him about the project. I described the various Bronze age features on the hill and he turned around and said that he had walked this part of the moor for years and never noticed any huts. I took him to some of the more impressive huts and gradually he began to focus in an spot huts everywhere. How could a local person be so blind to these structures ? As we walked upto one of the excavations I asked him how long he had lived in Cornwall (testing, perhaps, Blackman's "Cornish eye"). Jack had owned a holiday

cottage in Bowthic for years and having retired from a life as a civil engineer in London had decided to move here a couple of years ago.

We reached Mike's trench where his dog ran all over a freshly cleaned section.

"Control yourself Henry", shouted Jack.

The dog swiftly jumped out of the trench and obediently stood next to his owner. Jack seemed fascinated by the whole process of an excavation asking lots of questions about equipment and technique. Mike was surprisingly patient and friendly with this man who I was gradually beginning to find a bit of a bore. After quite some time I succeeded in tearing him away from the trench and took him up to see the Coite. He was highly sceptical about our interpretation of this feature as something man made and even less enthusiastic when I mentioned how the gap between the two stones was in line with the summer solstice. For Jack this was just a naturally weathered feature. Testament to the power of nature rather than the creativity ~~of man~~ ~~of MAN~~.

I then took him to the stone row, skipping the other trenches as he said that he would like to return in a few days with some of his friends. At first he was highly skeptical that there was a stone row and I had to walk him quite a way down it before he would believe me. He seemed quite impressed by the Rough Tor affect though. Left saying that He'd be back in a few days.

I was relieved when he left the hill. After a week here I've got back those possessive feelings of my time and space here. I Bumped into Peter Herring on my way to the 'tea hut'/Hut 28 who was rapidly surveying the walls of the Southern Settlement. Looking at his map I noticed that he had done about as many walls in one morning that we have done in a week.

I spot Chris in the distance stomping his way across the moor.

After some surveying with Mike and Crystal (who had spent the whole time I was with Jack chatting) Chris arrived and we looked through some of Crystal's photo's he had with him.

I showed another visitor around after lunch who was a member of the Cornish Archaeological Society. He was quite an old man with a big, white, bushy beard. Hanging from his neck were various things like compasses and binoculars. He wore a weathered sailors jumper and big wellington Boots. As I showed him around he kept stopping to take bearings which he would painstakingly note in a hard backed note book. He was a lovely guy, very enthusiastic and friendly. He liked the idea of the huts becoming cairns and referred to other excavations where they had found burials inside old hearths. I began to

feel that it was I who was now imposing on his time and we said our farewells after I had given him a copy of my questionnaire.

I met up with Chris and Crystal who were sat smoking by an area yet to be surveyed. Chris decided we should peg out the enclosure we were about to survey and after some time we were off spotting grounders, uprights, structures and possible structures. The two geomorphologists appeared and disappeared in the distance gliding accross the landscape stopping occasionally to Schmidt Hammer a rock. Just as we were completing our pegged out area the Grey bearded visitor appraoched. He apologised to Chris 'Site Director' Tilley for not approaching him earlier and walked off the hill in the direction of Rough Tor.

Got back to the campsite feeling really tired but pleased as we had managed to get a fair amount of work done. Chris decided quite rightly that it was about time Crystal cooked something. She was very reluctant to cook and I grew suspicious as to whether she ever cooks at home. At one point she said that she'd cook the spaggetti if I'd cook the sauce as I 'do it so nicely'. No amount of flattery was going to get me to cook tonight so I told her what to do and went for a shower. While I shaved I found myself shouting instructions to Crystal "when the onion and garlic are soft put the tomatoes in".

Chris arrived and we tucked into the food Crystal had cooked (which, incidently, was very nice) We then went off to the bar which was full of people from the project. I spoke to some of the excavators and met the two geomorphologists again. The drink flowed and after being chucked out of the bar at 12.30 we piled into the caravan drinking more wine and chatting to the geomorphologists. I got drunk and invited everyone there to a cooked breakfast the next day.

SUNDAY

Woken by knocking at door at 8 0'clock sharp. I remembered suddenly about the invitation I had made earlier this morning. Threw some clothes on and let the two geomorphologists in. Wayne arrived soon after with extra provisions and we cooked and ate an excellent breakfast despite the fact that I think we were all feeling a little woozy. More people arrived including Barbara and Tony. We sat around loosely planning what we wanted the Geo's to see. Today they were with the survey team. Yesterday the property of the excavation team. The old divisions remain and seem to grow ever sharper as the project runs. Every morning I see them gather around Erics wagon looking miserable and tired at least an hour if not more before we leave the campsite. Our attitude is relaxed and spontaneous where theirs is one of time constraint and the absolute necessity to be and appear

professional we seem to be producing lots of ideas again this year. At the moment the buzz word being "Clitter" and the interesting things that are or have been going on amongst these outcrops of granite.

With the usual faffing around it was well past nine o'clock by the time we left the campsite. I walked up the hill with Barbara chatting about some quite personal things. I do not know why but I always end up telling her things I wouldn't tell most other people.



As we walked towards the hill I noticed two people ahead of us who did not appear to be part of our project. I rushed on ahead to meet them leaving Barbara to meander at her own pace. I introduced myself to a man and a woman dressed casually in jeans and brightly coloured 'outdoor type' jackets. They told me they were members of the local archaeological society and that they had come out to Lesckernick for a Sunday stroll. Although they had heard of the project they hadn't known that we were already down and seemed a little disappointed to find Lesckernick swarming with people. "It's horrible", the man said. Despite this they were very friendly and seemed interested in some of the ideas we have about the settlement. I was also pleased to find that they were more interested in the work done by the survey team rather than the excavations. It is so often the case that when you show people around the settlement they focus in on the excavations and seem a bit disinterested in the stuff you can find on the surface.

As we chatted I asked them about their interest in archaeology. Both said that the major appeal was simply discovering things as they walked the Moor. They said they liked the peace and quiet of the moor and were more interested in building up their own ideas of what the Bronze Age settlements were about. They knew of Tony Blackman and grinned as they told me of their opinion of his hut. The man said that he thought it was ridiculous and told me that there was a fire exit at the back of the hut to comply with modern health and safety rules. They both stated that it had spoiled their own idea of what the huts would have looked like. I mentioned that eventually we would be producing an exhibition about our work here at Lesckernick and asked them how they thought this should be done. They stressed that it should be small and travel around the local villages "but please, no recreations please. They look silly like something you find in Disneyland."

Although I didn't agree with everything that they had to say I took a liking to them. They both seemed very relaxed and had a nice sense of humour about the other members of their society. We sat in one of the huts in the Western Compound and continued to chat about the archaeology of the area. They had no problems with our ideas about "activity in the clutter" and said that were loads of things yet to be found out about the moor. "People spend too much time staring into excavation trenches" said the man.

I noticed that down by Mike's trench Jack, the man I had shown around a few days ago, had arrived with the friends he had promised to bring. They were gathered around the trench pointing and asking Mike lots of questions. I left them alone while I gave the two visitors I was with a copy of the questionnaire which they said they were pleased to fill out.

Just as I was saying goodbye Tony arrived and asked if he could "Have a few words" - meaning of course an interview. It seemed very obvious to me that I was busy trying to do 'my' work with the

visitors and I felt really pissed off at his timing. I told him I'd chat to him later and went to meet Jack and his friends. He had with him a man and two women. The man wore a white floppy hat and leant against a brightly coloured mountain bike. One of the women carried with her a sketch book while the other held onto the lead restraining Henry the dog. They spent ages at Mikes's trench despite numerous hints that we should move on and let them get back to thier work. Mike was very patient with them but he kept giving me the occasional glance as if to say "Get rid of them Henry". Eventually I managed to tear them away and took them up to the Coite explaining the distribution of the various settlements on the hill as we walked. I explained to them the alignment with the solstice, trying desperatley so sound enthusiastic about it. The man with the mountain bike looked worried and spoke of the dangers of the "wrong sort getting to hear about it. "It would be awful", he said, "if we started getting new Age travellers up here". Jack would still not be convinced that it was a man made structure and I gave up trying to persauade him. We walked down the side of the hill towards the hut where Sue and Eric were digging. Chatting to them I realised that I was dealing with two married couples who had recently moved to Cornwall in retirement. They were, I think, upper middle class and very Conservative. I was beginning to feel edgy. At hut 39 Henry, who had now been let of his lead, ran all over the freshly trowled surface. Again the party were insensitive in terms of the time they spent by the trench and I had to be quite firm with them saying that we really had to move on.

We moved onto the Stone circle where they questioned it's circularity. Then onto the stone row where the Rough Tor effect was duly shown. The two wives were much more accepting of what I was saying while the two men mumbled about natural "coincidences" and "how could you know such things for certain?".

I took them to the hollowed out cairn where we used to have lunch and handed out copies of the questionnaires. While they fiddled about looking for pens in thier back packs I explained to them my feelings about the need to communicate with local people and to be approachable. I mentioned how sensitive some of the locals are to our presence here and how possessive people can be about the history of the moor referring also to the spread of Cornish Nationalism. Jack reckoned that all this was probably just a "sham". He could not understand why some people get upset about the destructive nature of an excavation. I turned the conversation towards a future exhibition to which they all expressed deep concern. The man who had earlier expressed his fear of New Age travellers was most vehemently opposed to any exhibition saying that it would attract to many people to the moor.

"We don't want it turning like the Lake District down here. I moved to Cornall for some peace and quiet".

Selfish Thatcherite bastard I thought to myself. Once the Questionnaires were completed I left them in the Cairn saying that I had to go and join the survey team. I was so relieved to leave

them behind. This was my first experience of visitors who I didn't like and my diplomatic skills were tested to the full.

I joined everyone for lunch and told Barbara about the people I had been showing around. I couldn't get over their insensitivity and narrow mindedness. For them the moor was just a nice place to go for a walk and enjoy some solitude after a life of commuter packed trains and high powered jobs. I bet the locals couldn't stand them. Or rather I hoped so.

After lunch I joined Barbara, Wayne and Chris as they showed the two geomorphologists around the areas we had surveyed over the past week or so. We took them to areas such as the "Stone Graveyard" to see which side of the 'Nature/Culture' divide they would side with. Interestingly they seemed very much in agreement with our line of reasoning. Often repeating the phrase "this is amazing". They explained the process of solifluction and how lots of the granite in the clitter appeared to be facing the wrong angle according to current geological theories. This pleased us all tremendously. Barbara decided that with such agreement the "Stone Graveyard" was, after all, something 'Cultural'. I think that we got a bit carried away with these two guys in terms of wondering around and pointing at things almost saying is this natural or cultural. Such an easy divide doesn't really exist. However it was very comforting and refreshing to hear some enthusiasm and agreement with the work we've been doing especially after so much scepticism from the members of the Institute. I think they put too rest (perhaps only temporarily) some of the insecurities that Barbara had been feeling especially after the day with Peter Herring. After hanging around Clitter areas we went up to the coite where, with aid of the schmidt Hammer, they confirmed the interpretation that this is a man made structure. They left soon afterwards to drive back to London.

Chris began to wrap one of the wall stones of Hut 28 with cling film while others gathered mugs for tea. By the time the excavators had been let off for tea by their supervisors Chris had begun painting the cling film that was now tightly wrapped around the stone with a very bold red. The excavators sat down, mostly ignoring what Chris was upto. Only Fay seemed at all interested. By the end of 'tea time' Chris had all but finished the stone. I overheard Fay ask Steve, one of the institute students, if he liked it.

"No I hate it", he said with a foolish smirk on his face.

I am not sure whether I liked it or not. The effect of the red against the greens and greys of the Moor was certainly very striking but the bold contrast was quite a shock. It surprised me how much this relatively simple gesture seemed to change the surrounding space of the hut. So as a work of 'Art' it certainly worked. Rather than simply complementing the space Chris had transformed it, forcing one to look at, not only the stone but the surrounding area in a different and new way. It was certainly much

thought through then the 'Art' of last year of which I have been quite critical. But the experiments of last year are part of the process that led to this. I was pleasantly surprised.

I photographed the Stone for a while and then found myself with nothing to do. Chris had by now acquired various assistants and I felt like leaving them to it. The wrapping and painting of stones has always been Chris's idea and one that I had originally been quite resistant too. I had brought with me a very garish indian postcard with which I hoped to create a 'Hindu like' shrine using one of the original "Shrine Stones" so I decided to go for a wander and see if I could find a suitable stone to use.

When I am on my own on the hill I become much more aware of the sounds of the moor. Without wanting to sound too Wordsworthian I find it strangely captivating just sitting still and enjoying being 'in place' and not thinking about anything in particular. After a while I got up and walked to the outer wall of the Western Settlement that I had surveyed last year with Matt and Ceira. I hadn't come to this side of the hill up until today and memories of last years time on the hill came flooding back. I thought about Matt and Ceira wondering what they were upto. Neither had really fitted into the project very well and I was unsurprised by their absence this year. However I found myself missing their company.

I walked over to the compound and had a look at some of the huts giving some thought to Chris's ideas about the De-commissioning of these huts by the destruction of outer walls. Not too far away I could see Chris, Babara, Tony and Wayne trying to select another stone to wrap and paint. Crystal followed them snapping away. I thought about joining them but I could see that they were beginning to have disagreements. Barbara was probably getting irritated by Wayne. Too many people doing one thing is never a good idea on Leskernick anyway so I sat down and had a roll up watching them.

I heard Crystal shouting and became worried that she had fallen over or something. As I went down the slope to see what the matter was I found Tony and Crystal trying to free a sheep that had got trapped in between two rocks. Tony managed to push the animal out of the jam and we all complemented him. Crystal appeared quite shaken by the whole affair.

It was a mild evening and we stayed on the hill drinking wine for a few hours. Sue, her boyfriend, Mike and Fay joined us. Naturally the conversation turned to art and the newly painted stones. Mike made a point of being or appearing to be wholly unimpressed by it.

I left the hill chatting to Barbara thinking that Crystal was behind us but she had decided along with Chris to remain on the hill to look for rock carving with a torch. Crystal had the key to our caravan so I waited in Wayne and Barbara's feeling tired and wanting desperately to go to bed. Wayne was extremely hospitable,

sharing with me some pasta and plenty of wine. Things were fine until we started talking about the project and the idea of having open discussions at lunch time. For some reason I started to complain the Tony was reporting too much about the interviews he had been having with people to Chris and Barbara and to anyone else. Who exactly is being studied here? Half way into this tirade I realized that I was talking complete bollocks and said so to everyone. I was just tired and drunk and decided it best to say a little less. Chris and Crystal arrived both a little disappointed at not finding any rock carvings. The conversation became dominated by Wayne who suffers terribly from verble diarrhoea at times like these and I could not help getting the giggles. Crystal was also giggling away. Wayne got extremely shirty with us. We left soon after this and I was relieved to escape into my sleeping bag and sleep.

MONDAY

I got up at 7 and was showered and ready to go by 8 O'Clock. We would all have left at a good time if Crystal didn't faff around so much. She finds the most simple of decisions highly problematic and seems much happier when others make them for her. There is however something quite endearing about her absent mindedness. I have so far enjoyed sharing with her. Most of the time the caravan is very quiet and we are both extremely polite to each other - I hope that this lasts.

I got to Leskernick to find Tony Blackman inspecting the trench at Hut 39.

"Hello handsome", was how he greeted me. I went with him to Helen's cairn where he took lots of photographs. After this it became clear that he was very keen to show me around - show me his Leskernick. Taking me first to an area he said was the remains of an 18 century stone workers 'spot' (he used a cornish word here that I can't remember) I realised that he wanted to show me all the things that he had found. I wasn't very impressed by this Stone working area and started to worry that this man was going to test my patience.

"I think I've found another house. Let me take you there!", he exclaimed.

There followed some very embarrassing few moments as Tony dashed around desperately trying to find this hut. Once he found it he was tremendously proud of himself. It was a single walled hut which is unusual on Leskernick. It was also very low down and later when Chris had a look he said that it reminded him of the 'platforms' on Stowes Pound. As we stood around inspecting the structure Wayne noticed the remains of a wall running off the back of the Hut/platform. This wall ran in the direction of the coite for about 10 metres and then abruptly stopped. Could this be a 'viewing platform'. It certainly seemed related to the Coite. As we walked up the wall I noticed that the coite comes gradually and

then fully into view once the wall ends. Similar to the Rough tor effect.

Tony now had the attention of Chris and Barbara who both try their best at avoiding him when he's on Leskernick. Reluctant to let the opportunity of impressing them Tony began to show them some other area of stone working. I could tell that both were becoming agitated by Tony and I felt that it was my responsibility to break into Tony's flow of chatter. I said that we had to get back to our surveying and make the most of our time here. Chris mentioned his surprise at the brusque way I dispatched Tony.

As we walked over the hill to some walls that were yet to be surveyed we kept getting diverted by areas of clutter. I became a little worried that, with our new confidence brought about by the visit of the geomorphologists, we are beginning to see too much 'clutter activity'. As we inspected one area Chris suddenly exclaimed that he "Had an idea for an experiment" and rushed off to gather his cling film and paint.

I continued the surveying with Barbara. We reached the walls around Hut 1 and 2 which was an area that I had looked at last year with Matt. Our progress was thus quick as I could remember most of the features from last year. We got on well as we plotted our way along the walls stopping occasionally for fag breaks. During one of these breaks I found myself chatting about Matt to Barbara for the first time this year. An interesting example of "Stalking stories" perhaps. This was the place where Matt and I were first given the responsibility of planning and where we were freed from the annoying label of irresponsible shrine hunters. A year on I'm working with Barbara on the same patch in a way that I think both her and Chris would like the whole project to work. While we did not agree on everything we were prepared to listen to each and reach new ideas through our conversations. The work we did today was really good and it proved that you don't always need a hierarchy.

We got quite alot done and went over to find Chris who was now painting some stones white in an area of clutter. He had chosen an area where clutter has been moved to encircle an earthfast boulder. The white marking out those stones that we feel have been moved. The white looked really beautiful amongst the stones of the clutter - alot kinder to the eye then the stark red he had chosen yesterday.

Tony came over to interview me and, feeling a bit sheepish after last night, I made a point of being friendly to him. We sat down by the stones and talked about the stuff I brought with me from London and the different types of clothes had. Had I two sets of clothes, he enquired, one for the hill and one for the campsite?

Tony had asked us all to take one photograph that summed up ones "sense of place" here at Leskernick. I have found it really difficult to decide what to take. Every idea I had seemed to miss something. The more I thought about this I decided that it was

going to be necessary to include people in the photograph. My sense of place here is something that has come about through my relations with various people - most importantly Chris and Barbara. But where to take the photograph? I wanted to have some kind of foreground and background with Chris and Barbara standing somewhere that would tie together some of my feelings about Leskernick.

I could feel Tony gently applying pressure on me to make a decision. Eventually I went for the Shaman's Hut with a nice background of Rough Tor. Tony quickly rushed over to Barbara and Chris to take them upto the Shaman's Hut. For some reason Barbara was extremely reluctant to get involved but was finally persuaded by what she called some very "Male dominance".

After the photo was taken and the paint pots put away in the tent we left Leskernick. We got to Westmoorgate and threw our muddy boots into the back of Chris's car looking forward to the relative comfort of our caravans. Chris began to fiddle with a pedometer he had been wearing and shut the keys to his car in the boot.

"Oh! I don't believe it."

Chris Stared in disbelief at the keys on the other side of the glass. We stood around the car in silence all beginning to wonder what on earth we were going to do. Wayne checked that all the doors were locked. They were. I asked Chris if he was a member of the AA of some such motoring organisation. He wasn't. We were stuck.

Wayne then decided that the best thing to so was to get a coat hanger from the house by the car park and try to prise one of the doors open. It was obvious that none of us were going to be able to open the door like that and Wayne's confidence only added to the absurdity of the situation. I was now fighting very hard from an onset of the giggles. Even Chris was laughing as he began to search for a suitable rock with which to smash the window.

Wayne returned with a coat hanger and proceeded to shove it down the side of one of the door windows. Crystal began to snap away with the camera. Chris looked on.

Five minutes later, with the door window smashed and the back seat covered in broken glass we were on our way back to Camelford. We went to the bar soon after arriving at the campsite where we met Crystal's friend Renata. They went to the caravan to drop her bags off. Helen came into the bar and we had a nice chat about the possibility of simply deturfing cross sections of clitter. We had a few pints and then some food back at the caravan. Realised that I had left the planning board in the pub and had horrible visions of someone spilling their pint of Guinness all over it.

TUESDAY

Chris and Crystal took the day off to take Renata to St Ives so I

went to Leskernick in Barbara's car. On the way I ended up having another of those chats with Barbara where I find myself telling her things I usually keep to myself. She must know my whole family history by now.

Once on the hill we picked up the surveying from where we had finished yesterday (the planning board had been returned unblemished). We got to the outer western wall which is another area I had surveyed with Matt last year. I was again surprised by the detail with which I could remember certain features from a year ago. One particularly striking upright reminded me of an argument I had had with Matt when he was in one of his sceptical moods.

We moved quickly along the wall discussing it's strange relationship to the settlement. It encloses a really large space which is free from huts and curves up the hill, skirting past the Coite finally meeting a wall belonging to Hut 3 (the Shaman's Hut). I felt really relaxed with Barbara today. She took notes while I planned. We moved along the wall at the same pace and agreed with each other more then we have done in the past. It was a very pleasant afternoon so I was disappointed when she left the hill to continue her exam marking.

The excavators had not by this time stopped for lunch. They keep to a very strict timetable and would not be decamping to the "Tea hut", as they call it, for another twenty minutes. I was on my own and felt that I should be doing something. I walked over to hut 39 to see how the excavation was going.

I said hello to everyone there and only Gary responded. I asked Eric what he was doing, "trowling", he replied barely lifting his head out of the trench. I felt uncomfortable and I got pissed off at this unfriendliness so I left and ate my lunch on my own.

I thought about what I'd do with the afternoon and decided that I'd walk over to the other side of the valley and look at the huts and clutter on the Coda Tor settlement. I later suggested to Tony that he might like to come as well seeing as he is analysing space/place etc. Just as we were getting ready to go an old lady approached us asking for Dr Bender. She had two dogs with her who she regularly tapped on the noses with red whip. She was from the Devon Archaeological society and had come to find the best route to take when her group came up in a few days. Apparently some of them were "slightly aged" so she needed to find the most gentle way to Leskernick. I showed her around the hill briefly stopping at Mikes trench. We then went to hut 39 where Sue was busy organising a trench photograph. She paid scant attention to the lady as did Eric. I felt really embarrassed by their rudeness. It was only Gary who said hello and who kindly offered to explain some of the findings on the excavation.

I showed the lady the Rough Tor effect of the Stone Row and we said our goodbyes. She said that she would be bringing about forty people on Saturday.

Went to see Wayne and ended up helping him plan some of the huts in the Western compound. I was still quite keen to go over to Coda Tor but Wayne said that he wanted to go back to the campsite to

prepare for Penny's farewell dinner. It occurred to me that I was now reliant on Wayne for a lift back to Camelford and I began to persuade him that it was far too early to be going back. Reluctantly he agreed to join me and we went to find Tony who was sat smoking a fag in Hut 28. He was insistent that we all have a cup of tea before going over to Coda "For fuck's sake" (he swears alot does Tony). Wayne was equally insistent that we go immediately and was getting a bit shirty so we left without Tony.

The thing that struck me most when we reached the other side of the valley were the stones that Chris had painted yesterday. The white stood out much more strongly than the red he had used previously. They looked very beautiful. We spent a while looking at the huts and also a huge expanse of clitter that is marked out by some large upright stones. I think Chris should come over here soon as there is so much "happening" in this area of clitter. Wayne became impatient as I got deeper into the clitter and dragged me back to Leskernick and then back to his car at Westmoorgate.

I bought a chicken in Camelford for the dinner party and spent the early evening catching up on my diary as it roasted. I'm beginning to feel really tired. The combination of late nights and days on the hill is very draining. Thankfully people seem to be getting along much better this year. There is alot less back biting and everyone now has a role to play on the project. The careful selection process has worked but I do regret the lack of any Anthropology students. I was surprised by what I see as the rudeness of some of the excavators today but it doesn't bother me much. The two sides of the project are now such seperate entities I no longer expect us all to be sharing our time. However I do find it quite sad that it has to be like this.

Sitting in the caravan on my own gave me time to reflect on my own position to the project. Since deciding to start an M.Phil I am now taken more seriously. Although I hadn't noticed myself a number of people have remarked on how much more confident I am. I certainly feel much more comfortable this year. Last year was difficult at times as I wasn't involved with academia and was having a horrid time in London working in a wine shop. I think some people thought that coming to Leskernick was just a holiday for me. It was certainly an escape. I had to prove myself last year which I found annoying.

I got carried away with writing and suddenly realised the time. I saved the chicken from getting burned and went to Barbara's caravan. Most people had made a real effort in terms of preparing nice food. People had also showered and changed onto smart clothes. I felt a bit shoddy arriving in muddy jeans clutching a rather over cooked chicken.

I spent most of the evening sitting in the corner of the room feeling very tired. Chatted to (excavator) Mike who told me he was going to be spending August with Sue doing an intervisibility study of iron Age forts. There was to be no excavation on the

project. At first I thought he was trying to wind me up. He's been so rude about the survey ever since he became involved in the project and here was talking with great enthusiasm about doing some similar surface archaeology himself. I became suspicious that his antagonism towards the survey team was more a personal thing than anything to do with archaeology.

After saying farewell to Penny I retreated to my caravan looking forward to a lie in the next morning.

WEDNESDAY

Woken at 8 am by banging on the door. I assumed that it was Crystal returning from St Ives but found David Hooley at the door. I said hello and directed him to Barbara's Caravan. Went back to bed.

I had planned to spend today by going for a walk along the coastal path on my own. I am starting to get claustrophobic feelings about the project and need to be by myself for a while.

As I was getting ready to go Chris et al returned. Renata had decided to spend a few days in Cornwall and was unsure what to do today. I told her I was going for a walk along the coast and she asked if she could come along. I think if it had been anyone involved in the project I would have asked to be on my own. We decided to drive to Boscastle and then walk to Tintagel. As far as I could tell from the map it was not too long a walk (about 3 miles). It turned out to be much longer as the footpath winds around the cliffs and crags alot. At points there are some quite steep climbs and I got worried that Renata was getting tired but she said she was fine. Despite it being very windy it was a pleasant morning, the sun poking out occasionally from behind the clouds. We entered into some incredibly deep conversations as we walked.

I hardly know Renata at all. I knew that she had terminal cancer and as we walked she spoke candidly about her illness. I felt uneasy at times, not sure what to say.

We had lunch in a pub and then looked around the castle in Tintagel. It poured with rain on the way back to Boscastle. I got absolutely soaked and became very worried about Renata but she boldly strolled on without any complaint.

Crystal and Renata cooked me supper. I felt that I was being mothered a bit by both of them. Renata gave me a massive helping saying that I needed building up. I went to the bar for a while and returned to the caravan to find Chris with wine box saying he needed to relax after an evening spent with Wayne discussing his Phd proposal. The rain and wind battered against the thin walls of the caravan. It seemed unlikely that any of us would be going upto Leskernick tommorow.

Thursday

As expected the weather was atrocious this morning and everyone had a lie in. We had lunch in Bodmin and then stopped off at Safeways to stock up on supplies. By now the weather had improved a little so we drove to Westmoorgate to take Renata upto Leskernick. We walked upto the hill fighting against the strong winds. I haven't seen Leskernick so free of people for ages. I always associate this place with people but for most locals they must remember Leskernick like it was today. A bleak, barren empty place.

Renata said that she thought the place was amazing. We showed her some huts and the Coite and then went over to Coda Tor. Chris was ecstatic when we went over to the large area of clutter;

"It's everywhere. There is so much going on. Amazing"

By the time we got back to Camelford it was getting late and we all looked very tired and weather beaten. Dinner was had in Wayne's caravan. Chris cooked a delicious Sri Lankan meal and plenty of wine was drunk. Wayne began to dominate the conversation and got on his high horse about the current state of education in Britain. The last thing I felt like doing was having a political argument and I got really irritated by Wayne. He was giving Crystal a really hard time about sending her children to private school. Chris also went on about class alot and I felt annoyed at the hypocrisy of both Wayne and Chris who live incredibly bourgeois lifestyles and seemed to be doing no more then patronising the working classes. Wayne in particular seemed to be espousing some kind of a culture of poverty theory which made me really angry. Renata was very quiet and it seemed a shame that such a nice day be spoiled by blinkered political debate. It was clearly making Renata feel uncomfortable.

I tried to change the conversation by cooking a banana flambe (nearly burning the caravan down in the process) but even this failed to stop Wayne. I went to bed around half one feeling pissed off.

FRIDAY

Terrible weather again today. Chris and Crystal went to Tintagel. I stayed in the caravan and spent the morning reading some of Chris's phenomenology book. Walked to Camelford and bought some washing powder and tobacco. I enjoyed the peace and quiet of the caravan. Wrote a few postcards and some letters and dozed in front of the cricket on the TV.

Wayne invited us to supper this evening. After last night I was a bit reluctant to go fearing another evening of politics. But Barbara had returned and I felt it would be rude not to go. Predictably it was another evening of arguments. I found the way Wayne insisted on teasing Crystal about her wealthy background really boring. Crystal left early and I left soon after Sue arrived.

SATURDAY

It's summer solstice. The day when Leskernick was to be swamped with visitors - a busy day for me and a difficult one for Chris who dislikes these "invasions".

The rain fell steadily as we drove to Westmoorgate. Once on the moor the heavens opened and when we reached Leskernick I was absolutely soaked. Chris followed us in his huge grey Wellington boots scowling:

"This is really madness. We are only here because of these crazy people."

The tent had fallen down and was also ripped. Once re-erected we crammed into it and shared cups of coffee and cigarettes. At points the weather would clear and we would dash out to do some surveying. But it would only start raining again after 15 minutes or so.

We were spending more time in the tent than anywhere else. I hoped that the Devon unit would not turn up so we could all leave the hill but at midday they duly arrived. Barbara and I went over greet them. The rain pelted down. Henrietta Moore introduced herself and we began the tour. They spent over half an hour at Mikes trench. The rain began to slow down and we went upto the Coite. Telling them about the various groups of huts and our interpretations made me realise how much we have learned about this place. Perhaps we know more about Leskernick than anyone has for thousands of years. Amazing concept.

Most of the party seemed to enjoy the tour but Henrietta was highly sceptical about the survey and seemed more interested in the excavations. At hut 39 she was shown the pot sherd that had been found. Sue suggested it was Iron Age but was "corrected" by Henrietta who "knows alot about pot sherds you know". She was irritating me and I took the rest of the group to see the stone row and Rough Tor effect. After this some of the older members were looking worn out (most of them were over sixty). They were very polite and said that they had really enjoyed the tour. Nearly all of them shook my hand.

As they left the rain began again and I rushed to the tent. Here I met two surveyers from the Royal Commision. They were wearing top quality mountaineering gear of which I was highly jealous. I was really suffering not having any waterproof trousers and wished we could all leave. Chris was shivering and chain smoking in hope that they would somehow keep him warm. He was right earlier. The whole situation was utter madness. Barbara was worried I would get pneumonia as my jeans were soaked through. We decided to leave.

I walked down with Tony who had to leave today. When we got to Westmoorgate the weather had cleared and since Tony had offered to lend me his waterproof trousers I thought we might as well go back and do a bit more work. Wayne is impressed by my enthusiasm.

Back at Leskernick I find Chris in the middle of some clutter. We started some surveying, finding lots of walls that were previously undiscovered. Just as we were getting into the rhythm of surveying Crystal came over to inform me of a "large" group of visitors on the other side of the hill. Knowing it was probably Blackman and his young Archaeologists I had to leave the surveying

and go through the "Tour" yet again.

The group of about 20 children plus adults were huddled by the stone row. Tony greeted me by calling me "handsome" again and the rain fell. By the time we had reached The Hut platform that Tony had found the weather had really closed in around us. It was pointless trying to say anything as my voice was totally drowned out by the wind and rain. I saw Chris and Crystal leaving the hill and apologised to Tony saying we'd have to rearrange showing the kids around. They were all wet through, some of them were very young and I felt strongly that they should all go home. I caught up with Chris and Crystal and we drove to the Rising Sun where we had a few pints and warmed up.

Had our first meal in Chris's caravan joined by the guys from the Royal Commission. The food was nice but I get tired by the constant conversation about either politics or the project.

SUNDAY

I slept 'till ten O'Clock as it had been decided to take it easy today after the antics of yesterday. We left for Leskernick at around eleven. It has been a dull overcast day. The tent had been utterly destroyed in the storms of last night so we put the smaller tent up belonging to Penny. We continued to survey none of us were being particularly enthusiastic. We moved over to the "Corridor" which divides the Western and Southern settlements. There were a few disagreements about where to peg the flags and Barbara said she had forgotten some of the plan so we decided to do a pre survey flagging anything that needed to be planned. We were finding loads of structures, especially behind the Shrine Stone. Chris became very excited. Not having to plan everything was nice as we could all walk at the same pace and concentrate on what was on the ground. At 4.30 we left the hill having probably spent about only 3 hours there at the most. We stopped at the Rising Sun to find it closed and went back to the Caravans. I cooked for Wayne, Jill and Chris. Wayne talked alot again and both he and Jill criticised some work Chris had done on Mesolithic Flint scatters. I think Chris got annoyed as he left early. Wayne got angry with me as I disagreed with him about something or other. I think we've all got a bit tired of each other now. We live in such close confines that after 2 weeks even the smallest thing can really annoy you. Wayne left saying he had work to do and Jill and I went to the Bar. I was unsurprised to find Chris there and we chatted a bit. He left and I spoke to Jill. When I got back to the caravan I found Chris sprawled across the bench. "Oh God your back!" he said. "It is my caravan Chris".

We ended up drinking lots of wine and laughed at some of the absurdities of the project. Chris spoke about his ideas of the inhabitants of the Southern settlement using the huts of the Western Settlement for Cairns.

MONDAY

We planned the corridor today. Starting at the bottom of the hill and working our way up. Wayne planned and Barbara kept the notes. We disagreed alot about what should be planned. Chris became worried that we would never finish if we planned everything. By Hut 28 we noticed some walls which would have blocked access to the entance if you approached the hut from above. To enter the hut one would have had to come up the corridor. Chris found this highly significant. Over lunch I showed Helen these walls and mentioned that it would be nice to be able to de-turf areas like this to get a better idea of things. She agreed with me and said that Peter Herring had been telling her how he had done a similar thing when working on Rough Tor and Brown Willy. Perhaps this is something we should do next year. After lunch we continued to plan the corridor. I think we are all getting a bit tired of surveying, There is alot of repetition involved - Grounder, structure, grounder, structure, cairn or not? I remember getting tired like this last year. Once the corridor was completed we left. Bumped in Tony Blackman on the way down who was with one of his students. He said he would send me the questionnaires I had given him for the Young Archaeologists to fill out.

TUESDAY

The weather looked much better this morning and we took some wine and food with us to have in the evening. Fay and Mike joined us on the survey. We went above the Corridor and were now around Blackman's hut platform. Mike the excavator had finished his hut and was going to back fill today. He has found very little apart from a small stake hole and what appears to be a hearth. In terms of actual finds there has been very little. He had decided to bury a copy of Bourdieu's Outline of a Theory of Practice before back filling the trench. I went over to the trench to see this to find Mike urinating over the book. I was shocked at this. While I thought that burying the book was slightly amusing pissing on it seemed out of order. He knew that Bourdieu's work had been quite a strong influence in much of the thinking by the anthropologists on the project. Was this an act of vengeance ? I was disappointed. I thought that Mike had been much more amiable this year and had hoped that he was taking our work more seriously. Chris buried his trowel next to the book unaware what Mike had done. They built a little cairn around these offerings and Mike's "staff" (for that is how he refers to Angus and the others who have been working on his trench) began to backfill.

I told Chris what Mike had done and he looked upset. Barbara said "What does that say about us". I have since decided that Mike is nothing but a negative influence to the project. He may be a good technician but he is not the sort of person I would like to have around. Peter and Barbara went off to the Southern Settlement to compare notes. He has been doing an amazing amount of work in the small periods of time he's been with us. Chris started to wrap some more stones. I went with Fay and Mike for a walk around the Western Settlement and then over to Coda Tor.

When we got back to the Tent I found Barbara in a very emotional

When we got back to the Tent I found Barbara in a very emotional mood having spent the day with Peter. "He knows so much..... we've been so arrogant...". We drank some wine and Chris dismissed Peter's feelings about Transhumance. Barbara cheered up and we ended up in the Rising Sun. Drank beer and ate nice food.

WEDNESDAY

Wayne drove to Leskernick insisting we go via a long barrow some one had told him about. It was in the middle of a muddy field with cows roaming all over it.

When we got to Leskernick I was surprised to find Barbara putting the tent up. It was raining again so we remained there drinking coffee and smoking fags. Chris and Crystal arrived with some more filters for the camera. We went over to the Western Compound to survey the wall. I have done this twice before and did not feel we needed to go over it all over again. Barbara was in a miserable mood and Chris seemed unenthused. Once we had finished the wall we returned to the tent and sat munching on our pasties and sandwiches. Barbara said it had been "Quite a lamentable 3 weeks". I hope she was referring to the weather only as I think we've achieved alot this year. The Hill had now been almost completely surveyed and we are developing some very interesting ideas. I've found the time here very rewarding.

After a while the weather improved enough for us to plan the interior of the Western Compound. This is another area I have planned before. In fact I remember spending a very productive afternoon doing it last year with Chris and Matt but Barbara was insistent that we do it her way. As we entered the Compound we all agreed to do it slowly and systematically. Barbara said she hated "Doing these interiors". I planned and Barbara and Chris began to move too quickly, bossing me about. They went in separate directions "Shade in this cleared patch", "Don't miss that grounder". I decided to blank them both and do the planning at my own pace. However Barbara would not let up and I was forced into raising my voice. I told them that all we had now was total disorder. I asked Barbara what we were going to learn from such chaos and she replied that we now knew that there were a series of cleared patches outside huts. I stated that we already knew this from last year and hence this exercise was pointless. Barbara walked off. Chris sat grinning to himself.

I spent the rest of the afternoon with Mike Wilmore doing an intervisibility study of the Coite. Then to Safeways with Wayne and Mike. We had dinner in Mike's caravan as Chris, Sue and Barbara were having dinner together to decide on plans for next year. I cooked roast beef and Wayne provided the wine. We ate well but Wayne started to dominate the conversation again. I spoke to Helen about Tooting and generally what she had been upto since last year. Wayne left abruptly saying that I had been rude in ignoring him. I was just not in the mood for a discussion about the Mesolithic which is something I know very little about anyway. Wayne said later that he thought Gary and I were pulling faces and making fun of him.

Went to the bar but left early. I am feeling really exhausted and I'm beginning to look forward to returning home. I was woken by Chris who had had a disastrous evening. Sue had apparently stormed off and nothing was decided about next year.

THURSDAY

The caravan swayed in the wind and rain battered the windows. There was no way I was going to the hill today. I lay in bed listening to Crystal pottering around. She made me a coffee and then went to see Barbara to find out what we were doing today. The excavators had gone upto Leskernick to backfill despite the really awful weather. I think I would have gone on strike. We had lunch in the Rising Sun where we relaxed and discussed what we should do with the rest of the day. Mike Wilmore said he was going to go to Leskernick and take some mars bars and coffee for the sorry folk up there. Crystal was keen to visit a cheese farm near Stowes Pound. We ended up walking around this farm laughing hysterically and then drove to Fowey which was very pretty.

FRIDAY

The very last day. It's crept up very quickly and although a few days ago I was really looking forward to getting home I feel quite sad it's all over for another year. This Last week has been a bit of wash out and I feel that we are leaving on a bit of a low note. I helped Crystal get her things together as she had decided to leave today. I later went to Barbara's caravan to find her and Wayne talking about next year. Both were in full flow and had lots of ideas about future art projects on Leskernick some better than others. I think that Chris's art work has been largely successful this year. This is due to the fact that he has thought very carefully about the whole process and concept behind what he is doing. I had been disappointed by Barbara's work. She had wrapped a stone, painted it yellow and stuck various press cuttings on the stone. I don't think it worked. I never did make my shrine thing but I still plan to do it next year.

I went with Chris and Crystal to Bodmin parkway station. I felt really sad saying goodbye and we promised to see each other sometime in the summer. As we drove to Leskernick I thought about how I was going to re-adjust to life in London. I know from last how difficult it can be. I'll really miss our daily walk to Leskernick.

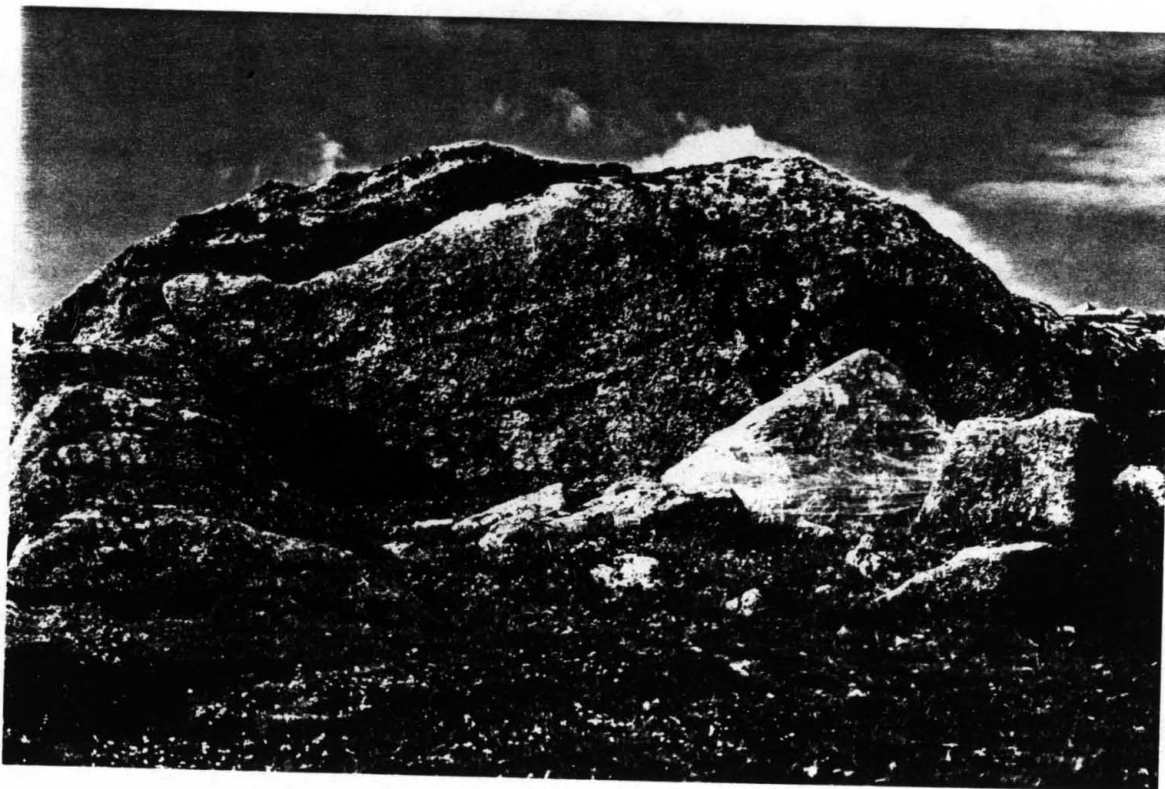
Collected the flag posts with Chris and spent a bit of time walking around the hill on my own, saying farewell to Leskernick.

I offered to help backfill but the work there was all but completed so I left the hill and went to the pub with Wayne and Chris. A local man had offered to take his Land Rover upto the moor and bring down our equipment. We waited at Westmoorgate for it to return and we divided the equipment between Sue and Chris leaving some of the stuff in an outhouse by the cottage. The man was very chatty and was keen to show us around his property but we slipped away and had a pint in the pub before returning to the

campsite for the last time.

I got to the campsite and began gathering my things. It was quiet and I turned the telly for a while. Crystal had left some beers and I drank one before falling asleep in front of the tv.

When I woke it was time to go to Barbara's caravan to say farewell to everyone. Jan was there and lots of food had been prepared. I ended up sat next to Mike Seger Thomas who said that he did not like my diary of last year and was generally rude to me. I told him that as he had not even bothered to write a proper diary last year and that I had heard he wasn't keeping one this year he should keep quiet.



I asked him why he had pissed on Bourdieu and I said that I thought it was a bloody stupid thing to do. Why was it that he went around with that silly scowl?

He got very angry with me and began to shout. "How dare you question my involvement with the project?". He said that he thought the survey team was basically lazy and half hearted. "Where were you when it was pissing with rain?", he shouted as he walked out.

We went to the bar and then ended up in Sue and Chris's caravan. I left feeling very drunk and exhausted and collapsed into bed.

SATURDAY

I Packed my bags and gave all my left over food to Gary who is staying down for a while. I said goodbye to everyone and waited for my uncle to take me to see my Grandma in Plymouth. He arrived after about half an hour. Left the campsite sad but also relieved.

